

Alexandrea Sanders

Dark as skin



I was told fire and ice will make us perish
But I've boiled my skin
In a pool of melting knives
I've nurtured frostbitten limbs
Swimming in Alaskan lakes

But nothing can compare
To watching my weeping mother
Stripped of her knit-sweater, bare
Hanging from a willow tree in our yard

The store-bought noose
Cutting into her throat
Tears dripping down to her hips

I didn't feel the gulf of wet heat
Or the snap of spearing frost
I could only feel the snickering secrets
Of our meat-sack bodies

I have hanged
Another's sun-soaked mother
From the willow tree in my yard
Her neck spilling a secret of revenge

Ice and fire
Or hate and desire
Will not slaughter us
Our own unforgiving
Will

